

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 29.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

[PRICE 2d.]

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIII. FIFTY-TWO.

In the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him, that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there; and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But, all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the

same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly, every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones, depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees he calmed into the better state when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished, was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether her father had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the populace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her—though he added that he knew it was needless—to console her father, by impressing him through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself, he wrote in the same strain; but, he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous

retrospect towards which he foresaw he might be tending.

To Mr. Lorry, he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others, that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.

But, it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the real house), unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "this is the day of my death!"

Thus, had he come through the hours, to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now, while he was composed, and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts, which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last: these and many similar questions, in no wise directed by his will, obtruded themselves over and over again, countless times. Neither were they connected with fear: he was conscious of no fear. Rather, they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came; a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred; a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within him, than his own.

The hours went on as he walked, to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever, eleven gone for ever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone for ever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself

in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But, he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me!" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not!"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up, at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"If you remember," said Carton, dictating, "the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them."

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them'?" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again.

"I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief." As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapour is that?" he asked.

"Vapour?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper, once more.

"If it had been otherwise;" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise——" Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then, he softly called "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up at him, as he knelt on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast: "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplat-

ing the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but, these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but, the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of colour, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I

do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But, I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The same shadows that are falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evrémonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican; something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"



"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof; the country-people hanging about, press nearer to the coach-doors and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the Guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, counter-signed."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizens. — And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much: it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

Houses in twos and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruinous buildings, dye-works tanneries and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft deep mud is on either side. Sometimes, we strike into the skirting mud, to avoid the stones that clatter us and shake us, and sometimes we stick in ruts and sloughs there. The agony of our impatience is then so great, that in our wild alarm and hurry we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing anything but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye-works tanneries and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank Heaven no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush; the posting-house.

Leisurely, our four horses are taken out; leisurely, the coach stands in the little street, bereft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely, the new horses come into visible existence, one by one; leisurely, the new postilions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely, the old postilions count their money, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever foaled.

At length the new postilions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly, the postilions exchange speech with animated gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued!

"Ho! Within the carriage there. Speak then!"

"What is it?" asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

"How many did they say?"

"I do not understand you."

"—At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?"

"Fifty-two."

"I said so! A brave number! My fellow-citizen here, would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi forward. Whoop then!"

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

## DRIFT.

### SANCTUARY-ARREST FOR DEBT.

LIKE all the dispensations of the earlier English Church, the right of "sanctuary" was so distorted from its original conditions that it proved a contention, grievance, point of quarrel, and stumbling-block between the ecclesiastics and the laity, especially the feudal chiefs who held any law rather cheap. The privilege, which had belonged to every church during the earlier ages of Christianity, of sheltering the criminal, originated, says the editor of the *Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon*, at a time when every man went armed, when human life was little valued, when it was considered meritorious to avenge upon the spot every wrong, imaginary or real, when the opportunities of escape from the pursuit of justice were many, when the law indeed was slow of foot and weak of hand. It was a revival of that earlier law which had provided a place of refuge "that the slayer might flee thither that should kill his neighbour unawares, and hated him not in times past, and that fleeing thither he might live." What the cities of refuge had been to the Jew, the Church was to the Christian.

As the power of the Church waned, this immunity as a consequence was disregarded, nay, was set aside altogether. In the days of Richard the Second, John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward the Third, by his Queen Philippa, "feudal to the core," and a staunch friend of the reformer John Wiclif, openly violated the privi-

lege of the celebrated sanctuary at Westminster. The story is not generally known, and Mr. Shirley tells more fully than the chroniclers the main points of it in his introduction to the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum* (Bundles of Tares) Magistri Johannis Wiclif.

In one of the Spanish campaigns of the Black Prince, two esquires, named Haule and Schakel, had taken prisoner the Count de Denia, a relation of the reigning house of Castille. He had agreed to pay a certain ransom, and, returning to Spain, had left his eldest son as a hostage in his place. John of Gaunt, who in right of his wife was now laying claim to the crown of Castille, found that the possession of the young count's person would aid his design. He therefore offered the esquires a price for their prisoner, which was refused. Foiled in this, he put forward some claims on the part of the crown; and demanded that in the mean time the prisoner, who was the subject of litigation, should be secured in the Tower. He again met with a refusal. He then procured an act of Parliament ordering the committal of Haule and Schakel to the Tower if the prisoner were not produced. This was in the session of one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven. But he was destined still to be baffled. The young count, from loyalty either to his native sovereign or his captors, remained concealed on parole, and Haule and Schakel went to the Tower. Soon after, however, the two prisoners appear to have become alarmed for their safety. They escaped from the Tower, and took sanctuary at Westminster. To the sanctuary, accordingly, the duke followed them. On the morrow of St. Lawrence, August 11th, 1378, in the very middle of high mass, one of his retainers, Ralph de Ferrers, entered the sacred precincts with forty armed men, killed Haule on the spot, and took Schakel back by force to his prison. Terror at the wild outrage seems to have been the first feeling of the bishops; but at length the archbishop summoned courage to unsheath the sword of St. Peter, and, with five of his suffragans, publicly excommunicated the authors, enactors, and abettors of the sacrilege. Moreover, the archbishop petitioned the "first estate," the king in parliament, "that satisfaction and amends to God and the holy Church, and to the parties damaged thereby, be fully done." A chapter of certain "doctors in theology of canon and civil law," aided by the justices, defined the privilege of sanctuary. In their decision (see *Rolls of Parliament*, Petition No. 27, vol. iii. p. 37) they laid down a law which affected by far the greater number of those who sought this privilege to protect themselves from the secular authorities. The doctors determined "that neither in case of debt, account, nor trespass, if the man should not lose life or limb, did the holy Church grant immunity." And, besides, they say that neither God, nor pope, nor king, nor prince could grant such a privilege. And, indeed, could any prince see fit to grant such a privilege, the Church, which is the fount and nourishment of all virtue, could not accept such a privilege whence sin or

fault, or the occasion of sin or fault, could arise, "*gar pecche est et occasion de pecche pur delaier une Homme voluntrifment de son dette et jousete recoverir del soen.*" This exemption of arrest for debt had evidently for some time been felt as a grievous infliction by the community at large. In the same year, as part of the reply to another petition, specially concerning the particular sanctuary of Westminster, it is declared that the charter of King Edgar and two charters of St. Edward (the Confessor) were examined, and found to contain no such privilege as exemption from arrest for debt by privilege of sanctuary. "But, nevertheless, for the especial affection that the king bore to Westminster than to any other place in his kingdom, and notoriously for the reverence to the noble body of St. Edward, and the other great relics there (such as the veil and some of the milk of the Virgin, the bladebone of St. Benedict, the finger of St. Alphage, the head of St. Maxilla, and half the jaw-bone of St. Anastasia), and because his noble progenitors lie there, his Majesty declares that they who by losses at sea, fire, robbery, or other *mischiefs*, without fraud or collusion, shall be so impoverished that they cannot pay what they owe, and enter the sanctuary of Westminster to avoid imprisonment, shall be freely and safely allowed to remain, with immunity for their persons, so that meanwhile they may be enabled to make terms with their creditors." A pretty wide loophole, forsooth! wide enough to let any number of debtors creep through, and return to the shelter which the Church as the "fount, &c.," couldn't hold out to those who wished "*delaier une homme voluntrifment*" of what they owed him, allowing them, besides, as a graceful joke, the contingency of their being able "to make terms with their creditors." This freedom from arrest for debt in the precincts of sanctuary was, however, an unsettled point elsewhere. The abbot of St. John of Colchester and the abbot of Abyndon, in his town of Culacham, in Oxfordshire, anno 1393-94, claimed franchise, privilege, and immunity of all manner of people coming and fleeing within the precincts of their said abbey, for debt, detention, trespass, and all other personal actions. They were bidden to attend before the council, and declare their privileges and immunities.

So grossly, moreover, was "sanctuary" abused, that in the fourth year of King Henry the Fourth (1402-3) the Commons petitioned the king and council against the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

On the very ground now occupied by the Post-office stood a large and fair college, founded A.D. 700. William the Conqueror confirmed all its privileges in 1068, making it independent of every other ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and from regal and even papal control. By a statute of the time of Edward the Third, I find, in Strype's edition of Stow, that, "in proof of its tuition the judge that sitteth there for the King, as in a place not of the City, but by privilege separate (the Maior not called thereto, as he is to the deliverance of Newgate and other such Acts in

the City), to have knowledge there in a case of Treason or Felony, hath ever from time that no mind is, sitten in the gate of the said sanctuary. And the person appeached or indicted of Treason and Felony, hath been kept by the officers on the further side of the street afore him, to the intent that he come not of the other side of the Channel, towards the Sanctuary there, to claim the liberty and Franchises of the same."

And now for the condensed remonstrance of the unhappy citizens against this hornets' nest, as it had become in the very heart of the City, and within the shadow of the frown of Guildhall itself. The petition ran to the following effect: "That divers persons of divers estates, apprentices and servants, dwelling in the City of London and its suburbs, as well as other people of the realm, repairing to the City, some in the absence of their Masters, day by day, flee with the goods and chattels of their masters to the College of St. Martin le Grant in London," to live at their pleasure on these goods and chattels, without execution of the temporal law, and that they are received and sheltered there, and that these same goods and chattels are seized and taken as forfeit by the servants of the said college. Debtors of all sorts also take refuge there. Forgeries of bonds, indentures, acquittances, and other muniments are perpetrated by many of its inhabitants, who there conceal them with the names, as well of many merchants and people dwelling in the said City, as well as others of the said realm, to their disinherment and final destruction. Merchants and victuallers are defrauded of their wares, mercery, merchandise and victuals: for when these merchandises are once received in the sanctuary, the sellers can neither get them back, nor the payment for them. "And in which College from time to time are received murderers, traitors, as well as clippers of money of the King's coin, thieves, robbers, and other sorts of felons, evil doers, and disturbers of the King's peace, skulking thro' the day, and at night issuing to commit their murders, treasons, larcenies, robberies, and felonies, both within and without the franchise of the City." The law is stopped of its course by the privileges of the college. And, therefore, for the better keeping of the king's peace within the City and the kingdom, a gracious remedy is prayed, and that conviction and punishment may follow the crimes before the king's justices, notwithstanding any privilege claimed, saving the liberties of the holy universal Church of England. Take, however, as a taste of the style, this last paragraph of the prayer: "Que please a vostre haute Regalie, considerantz les meschiefs & malfaitz avantditz & que pees & tranquillite deinz la dite Cite & aillours deinz votre dit Roialme le miex puissent estre gardez, per assent des toutz Estatz d'icest present parlement, & per auctorite d'icell ordagner gracious remede, per ensi que ley & execution d'icell de cy en avant soit fait sur les ditz meffaisours en la dit College habitantz, ou en apres a yeell fuantz, devant les juges temporelx du dite Citee, come le cas requiert es

lieux as tieux cases purveux & ordeigne, noun-obstantz ascuns manieres privileges ou Libertees per le dit College claymez. Salvez tant soulement les Libertees de Seinte Eglise universele d'Engleterre." The answer is, that "they are to show their privileges before the king's council, and a reasonable remedy shall be made."

#### OUR EYE-WITNESS AT GLOUCESTER.

"HIM as gives most shall have my vote."

This was the ever-reiterated burden of the song sung by many mouths in the Shire Hall at Gloucester. This the chorus which rose in the court all day long. This the sordid screech which echoed to the very rafters of its roof.

For your Eye-witness has (of course) been present at the Election Inquiry instituted by the Commission at Gloucester; that inquiry of which the reader has heard so much, and in the course of which so many strange and disheartening particulars have been disclosed to the public. He takes Gloucester as a case in point. It happens to be the case readiest to his hand. He might, for the demerits of the case, have taken Wakefield, or other places quite as bad.

The Eye-witness is sorry for Gloucester, and mourns over its corruption very sincerely. Its inhabitants are, as far as he saw, a polite race, though a venal, and the town itself is a fine old place, and has an old-fashioned, comfortable look, very pleasant to those who still enjoy the sight of a stage-coach (the E.-W. saw one with four horses) or an old post-chaise painted yellow.

Truly Gloucester is a wonderful and misleading city, a city which you walk about and examine carefully, and dispose of in your own mind as a combination of an ordinary agricultural capital, and a cathedral town, till you happen to see a man in complete maritime costume turning down an obscure lane which apparently ends in the county gaol. You follow this mariner, saying to yourself, "And why a sou'-wester hat, why a blue flannel Jersey, why these canvas trousers in Gloucester?" Why? Follow the seaman but a little bit further and you will see. You will see, suddenly appearing as in a dream, long ranges of warehouses with cranes attached, endless intricacies of dock, miles of tram-road, wildernesses of timber in stacks, and huge three-masted ships wedged into little canals, floating through flood-gates with no apparent means of propulsion, and without a sail to bless themselves with. And it is this extraordinary inland port which you had disposed of so easily as a quiet cathedral town, and you are surprised that a city capable of such a piece of deception should lend itself to bribery and corruption.

Let the reader beware of another deception. The E.-W., arriving in the evening, fell into an excess of rapture at what he took to be the tower of the cathedral, but which turned out to be four gigantic poplars planted close to the railway station, evidently with a view to mislead the public.



The wonders of this dissolute capital are not exhausted yet; far from it. The Eye-witness, emerging from his hotel on the first day of his stay in Gloucester, found a great crowd of young country girls and lads assembled at that part of the city which is called the Cross, where the four principal streets meet: a sort of Forum where most of the business, and a great deal of the gossip, of the place are discussed. These youngsters of both sexes were perfectly provincial in their appearance, and the lads especially, so much so as to remind one at once of Mr. Buckstone's inimitable "get up," in the Rough Diamond. A burning thirst for information being one of the characteristics of your Eye-witness, he at once applied to that most anomalous of characters, a country policeman, with a frock-coat and a walking-stick, and asked to be enlightened as to the cause of this great gathering. This question was asked and answered twice before the E.-W. would believe that the provincial policeman had said that it was the Mop, or, as the officer pronounced it, the Mope-day. Three consecutive Mondays are set apart once a year on which the farm servants come in from the country to be hired, the men accompanied in many instances by their friends and the girls by their mothers. It is a pretty sight enough, and one which the Eye-witness would recommend (as having some reference to the breathing and moving world) to the attention of our artists, as far as he may venture to make a suggestion on a subject of which he knows nothing.

By the time that your Eye-witness had gained the information on the "mop" affair, and had noted that Gloucester, having in it a cathedral capable of providing church accommodation for the whole county, has besides, as a matter of course, about fifty other supplementary parish churches—by the time he had remarked this circumstance, which is the case in all cathedral towns, it was time for him to set off for the Shire Hall, where the Election Commission which he was bound to attend was held. He only stopped once on the way; it was to wonder at the admirable strain of irony in which the proprietor of a large sugar-plum shop spoke through a printed hand-bill in his window of a certain neighbouring brandy-ball vendor who had set up in opposition round the corner. He little knew, he said, speaking of his opponent's honour—"he little knew how much of this valuable quality he possessed, and that *it hung about him like feathers about a pig!*" The writer communicates this comparison to the literary world with great glee, pleased to think that he is enriching their stock of images with so new and chaste a simile.

The Shire Hall of Gloucester is a most embarrassing place to get into. Not, indeed, for want of doors, but rather from a too great plenty of these means of entrance. The Court in which the Election Commissioners were sitting, is a semicircular apartment in the interior of the hall, and round the whole half-circle which encloses it are set the most puzzling and repelling

doors that can be imagined, for they are all labelled as the different entrances by which every kind of person may be admitted, except an Eye-witness. The E.-W. went in great distress of mind from one of these sacred doors to another: "'Judges' door.' That won't do, I am not a judge; neither am I a grand jurymen, for whom I see this next entrance is set apart. Here is another for petty-jurymen, but I am not even a petty jurymen. Let me try another: 'Bailiff.' No, not so bad as that either. 'Magistrate.' No. 'Witnesses.' Stop, that will do. I am a witness, most decidedly—an Eye-witness. This is evidently my entrance."

Acting on this rash conclusion, and abandoning himself as his manner is to his destiny, the writer of this report opened the door, and, descending a flight of steps, found himself in a gloomy cell, and face to face with another provincial policeman. The following brief dialogue then took place; the E.-W. abandoning himself, as has been said, to his destiny, and to the fun of the moment:

P. P. Are you a witness?

E.-W. Yes, an Eye-witness.

P. P. A hi-witness! Who b'ye for?

E.-W. I'm for All the Year Round.

P. P. Which side's that?

E.-W. Why the right side, of course—always.

P. P. But there bea'n't no right side; they're all wrong sides here.

Hearing this fearful announcement, the Eye-witness promptly withdrew, and returned once more to the corridor, and the rows of doors. "What am I to do?" said the E.-W. to himself again, "I am not a judge nor a jurymen, nor a bailiff, nor a counsel, nor a mayor of Gloucester, nor apparently a witness. I have evidently no right in this court, unless, by-the-by, that little door at the end, which I have not yet tried, should answer my purpose. Let me examine it: 'Nisi Prius.' What's that? I dare say that's the entrance, after all. Perhaps I am a Nisi Prius—it's impossible to say."

This door gave the Eye-witness instant admission to the court, and taking the first seat he could find, he muttered to himself, "Then I *am* a Nisi Prius, as I supposed; and I have been living in the world all this time, and never found it out!" Even now the Eye-witness's troubles were not all over, for, finding himself the object of general attention in the court, and that much whispering was going on of which he appeared to be the subject, he looked behind him, and saw in enormous characters the words "Under-Sheriff" inscribed upon the back of the seat over his head. To say that the E.-W. covered out of his seat, would hardly express the rapidity with which he slunk away from this conspicuous position; taking the most obscure corner he was able to find, he had at length leisure to look about him, and see what was going on.

Perjury, evasion, shuffling, inappropriate mirth, and shameless acknowledgment of shameful practices—these were some of the things that were going on. Marvellous revelations of syste-



matic bribery, and of the existence of firms established for the purpose of carrying elections on any terms—terms, generally, which the M.P. elect had better not inquire into too closely. Mystery—nobody knowing anything about anybody. Members of Parliament applying for mysterious messengers to carry mysterious sums of money to obscure inns, where mysterious assistants of the mysterious messengers pack up the money in parcels, and hand them over to furtive surgeons, who come in secret to fetch them away. Prescriptions, medicine, money, all mixed up and involved in such a sordid tissue of deceit and villany, that no man can sift the thing perfectly, no man unravel altogether so tangled a mesh, nor walk through the dreary labyrinth of lies, the clue of which is guarded so carefully from his grasp.

To report the evidence which the writer heard given at the Shire Hall on the different occasions of his attendance there would be simply to recapitulate what has already appeared in the different public prints, and an admirable report of which may be found in the Gloucestershire Chronicle, the principal local paper. The province of your Eye-witness seems rather to note any peculiarities which struck him during the progress of the case, to give the impression left on his mind by what he has seen, and heard, and read, and the conclusion he has been able to arrive at. These impressions shall be set down much as he finds them in his notes, so that this paper may be as much as possible like a sketch from nature, and may be said, in some degree, to have been written in the Court of Gloucester.

The story of a pure election in this ancient city is quite a hard thing to come at. The oldest inhabitant, when placed in the witness-box and desired to ransack his memory, beginning at 1816, can only say that he thinks before the Reform Act the bribery was more indirect, that he thinks the elections of '32, '33, and '35 were comparatively pure. The indirect bribery before the Reform Act was shown in the employment of bands, messengers, clerks, and flag-bearers, and also in swearing in so many special constables to keep the peace, that finding there was no peace to keep except their own, they used to take to fighting with each other in order to decide what was the best manner of attaining this desirable object. The money spent on elections now, is a mere joke to what was disbursed in those good times. In 1816 the sum of forty thousand pounds was laid out on an election, and no wonder when seven hundred special constables (they might happen to be voters, perhaps, one or two of them) were sworn in to keep the peace at five shillings a day. This oldest inhabitant thinks that the first decidedly and undisguisedly impure election at Gloucester was that of '37, when he considers that his side was bought out of the market, ninety votes having gone out of their possession in the first three-quarters of an hour of the poll. This gentleman, in concluding his evidence, said that he thought the venality less the fault of those

who took the bribe than of those who offered it, and that if the candidates on both sides would agree to give nothing but the necessary expenses there would be no difficulty in putting down bribery.

Turning from these comparatively ancient elections to that with which we are now concerned, and examining briefly its history as it comes out before the Gloucester Commission, it will be found that the tale so elaborately unfolded is simply this: As the period of the election of 1859 approaches, the Liberal party in Gloucester, anxious to secure another member to their side, in addition to their usual representative, Mr. Price, despatches a deputation to London, the members of which have for their object the discovery of some suitable person holding Liberal politics and a supporter of the ballot, who will consent to stand for Gloucester. The deputation, after paying sundry night visits to a great political club in Pall-mall, after some mystery and bandying about from pillar to post, and callings again, gets at length to be introduced to a certain Mr. Monk, a son of a former Bishop of Gloucester, and therefore a likely man enough to have a chance of election in a city which was once under his father's pastoral care. After many pros and cons, and after much consulting of political friends, Mr. Monk consents to resign his pretensions to the agricultural borough of Cricklade, and to come down to Gloucester and contest the coming election with Sir Robert Carden, who is represented to be hugely unpopular in the city. So far all is plain and tolerably straightforward, but from this point the obscurity becomes impenetrable and the intricacy of the web something perfectly hopeless. From this point everybody is to manage Mr. Monk's affairs except Mr. Monk. From this point, so completely is Mr. Monk superseded by Mr. Moffatt (an ex-M.P.), by Sir William Hayter (an existing M.P.), by Mr. Ralli (Mr. Monk's father-in-law), and by many other persons, that one arrives at last at the conclusion that Mr. Monk himself must have passed his time in what Roman Catholics call a "retreat"—not opening his own letters, and finding the day to hang quite heavily on his hands. About this period of affairs, too, a certain cheque for five hundred pounds (in an envelope) makes its appearance, whose career it is quite impossible to follow, though it is as well to try. First, Mr. Moffatt asks Sir William Hayter if he knows a responsible person who will take a cheque for five hundred pounds (in an envelope) down to Gloucester. Then Sir W. Hayter asks one Webb (who serves one Gilbert, who is a parliamentary agent) the same question; then a new man, a Mr. Parkes, "who is in the habit of passing Sir W. Hayter's lodgings," comes upon the carpet, and gets mixed up with the cheque (and the envelope). To him enters another man, called Thompson, or Thornton, who, making application for the cheque (and envelope), and showing secret credentials, is entrusted with the same, and all becomes from that moment an entanglement of Moffatt,

Hayter, Thompson or Thornton, cheque, envelope, Parkes, and privacy, till the brain can stand it no more.

After the arrival of Thompson or Thornton at an hotel near the railway station at Gloucester, the evidence brought before the commissioners is more easily made out, and the machinery by which the commission works (tracing the money from the man who brings it down to the agents who disburse it, and thence to the voters who are to be bribed, examining each in turn) becomes sufficiently obvious. A person named Wilton, a surgeon at Gloucester, visits this man Thompson at his inn under pretence of prescribing for him, and, carrying away the money which the other has brought with him, distributes it in small parcels to the agents who are to come into actual communication with the electors, and to give them the money for their votes. Of course more money is soon wanted in addition to our favourite five hundred pounds, and strange, indeed, are the particulars which come out as to the secret correspondence of the agent at Gloucester with his principal in London, and an extraordinary revelation is brought about of the existence of firms whose business is election bribery, and servants of these firms who are nothing better than professional bribers, and whose function it is to conduct at elections all that dirty work which it is better the virtuous representative of the people should know nothing about.

And what is Sir Robert Carden about all this time? Suppose we let him tell his own tale, just as the writer heard him in the witness-box. We have told Mr. Monk's story for him, Sir Robert shall speak for himself.

Sir Robert Carden, a grey-headed, stalwart gentleman, tall and sturdy—Sir Robert Carden, standing erect in the witness-box, looking boldly about him, and betraying his nervousness only by a certain devil's tattoo of finger on the rail which surrounds him—Sir Robert Carden, answering the difficult questions something as a man does when playing at proverbs—is yet made to commit himself to the following statements: That in 1857 a deputation waited upon him from Gloucester, and represented to him that the Conservative party was gaining force in that city, and that in the event of his consenting to stand, there seemed every chance of his securing the election. Sir Robert Carden had no connexion with Gloucester at all, but we are not to suppose for a moment that the Conservative party in the town had heard of a certain election which once took place at St. Albans, and, knowing the value of money in the contest at Gloucester, thought that the gentleman who had shown the extent of his pecuniary resources at St. Albans would be the very man for them. This never crossed their minds—it is extraordinary, by-the-by, how few things *did* cross the minds of the different witnesses who gave their evidence in the Shire Hall; they appear all to have been the most innocent, unsuspecting, thoughtless fellows imaginable. And if all, surely most of all, Sir Robert! He thought Gloucester so pure

a borough that it seemed to him an honour to represent it. He asked the deputation, when it waited upon him, what would be the probable cost of the election, and was told between five and six hundred pounds; yet when his expenses (the petition included) came to upwards of *four thousand pounds*, he asks no questions, suspects no bribery, looks into no statements, and has received no account of the expenditure to this day. He had implicit confidence in his agent, and would have paid more still, if he had been asked. And pray, Sir Robert Carden, is it your practice, in other matters of business, to pay away these large sums without looking into the accounts? No, only at elections. And after paying all this money, Sir Robert still thought this election of 1857 a pure one till he heard of the evidence which had come out before the commission. Certainly this gentleman is of an unsuspecting nature; the election of '57, the hideous revelations that came out at St. Albans, all these things are thrown away upon him, and he comes down in 1859 still guiltless of any suspicion of corrupt practices, still confiding in the Gloucester electors, still ready to disburse his money to the amount of two thousand four hundred and ninety-five pounds fifteen shillings and fivepence, and all not paid yet. He had said to his agent, "Anybody who renders me a service, pay them liberal," but had never been told that it would be necessary to resort to bribery; and if he had known of the corrupt practices which took place in '57, would, he solemnly declares, never have stood in '59! Once more he reiterates that he had implicit confidence in his agent, and now he adds, that he wishes he had not had so much confidence in him, that it would have been better that he should have required an account of the expenditure that had taken place, and that he hopes Mr. Lovegrove (which is the agent's name) will account for it all honestly.

Having now got our candidates to Gloucester, it may be interesting to observe some of the chief characteristics of a thoroughly impure election; the system adopted by the local agents, the manner of its carrying out, and some of the chief points, both ludicrous and flagitious, which come out in the extraordinary process called "working an election." The first thing to be done is, for the candidate, or more probably some nameless friend who "acts for him" (whose generic title, at Wakefield, appears to be *The Man in the Moon*), to appoint an agent in the town where the election takes place, and the next thing is for all parties to have implicit confidence in each other, or, in other words, to ask no questions. The candidate, then, or his *Man in the Moon*, sends for the agent, places the affair in his hands, and asks no questions; then the agent sends for some gentleman well known as not being troubled with scruples, hands over to him certain sums of money and asks no questions; then the gentleman without scruples sends for a number of other gentlemen without scruples, hands the moneys over to them to disburse in the *expenses of the election*, and asks no ques-

tions. Here, unfortunately, this admirable system of "asking no questions" is at an end, for it appears that these lower ministers, in the actual working of the election, are obliged to ask a great many questions. They go into people's houses and ask whether they are behindhand with their rent, and how much will clear them? And then they say that they think they know a party who will "shell out" to the amount required, and they do not ask for a vote in return, far from it, but they are sadly afraid that the party aforesaid, who has strong political feelings, will not "shell out" to anybody who does not agree with him that Carden, or Monk, as the case may be, is the man for Gloucester. Nor are these the only questions that are asked. Sometimes a gentleman is discovered at tea, and is asked if that beverage is sweet enough, and, if not, how many lumps of sugar he will take in it; an innocent demand enough, unless it should turn out that the lumps of sugar mean lumps of gold, and that his tea will not be sweetened unless he plumps for Price and Monk.

Examining the proceedings of these minor agents in the "working of the election," we shall find that, were it not that the excessive seriousness of the subject makes it almost a sacrilege to laugh at anything connected with it, it would be impossible not to enjoy in an excessive degree the highly humorous performance of some of the lower actors in the ghastly melodrama.

The comedian who expressed himself as having taken so much refreshment that he was "on a running fuddle" all through the election; the apparently maddened fly proprietor, who stated that he had not been between the sheets at the time of the election for twenty-six days and nights, and who, with exquisite naïveté, wished there had never been an election, and *hoped* there would never be another; the witness who said that when he was offered 10*l.* for his vote, Mr. Monk (the candidate), who was standing near, on hearing money talked about, "very properly" walked away; the henpecked gentleman whose wife had received the bribe, and who said the attorney "didn't give it to me, he gave it to she, and she's missus and master too;" the honourable voter whose principles are worth 2*l.*, since he had rather vote for Price and Monk at 8*l.* than for Carden at 10*l.*; all these are humorists of a high order, and worthy to rank with that lawyer who said that if the election had been carried on on the purity dodge, everybody knows he would have had nothing to do with it; or that ingenious family who got 80*l.* among them for their votes, including 3*l.* for a dead man who had voted on the same terms at previous elections—"post mortem!"

But what are all these to our pet witness, Jacobs? Jacobs, the general factor, who begins his evidence at once by saying, "I received 177*l.* from Mr. John Wilton, and expended it in bribery," and who adds immediately that the first money he paid was 3*l.*—the only legitimate payment he made—to Mr. Moses (!) for coming from Liverpool to vote. This comedian, after recounting several exploits in bribing, says,

"The next man—if I can call him a man—vash vun William Merrittsh. He had 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* to vote for Price and Monk. I had to vatch him very close; he told me he should quarter on the enemy, as Mr. Lovegrovesh vash crazy after him." Jacobs sometimes meets with a voter who is troubled with a conscience, such as Mr. Welsh, who will not speak, but holds up five fingers, by which he means five pounds, then says he never takes the money, but on the ingenious Jacobs proposing to play a game of skittles or to jump with him for the amount, finds his conscience at ease. Mr. Welsh, too, is so scrupulous that he requests that the money may not be put into his hand, but may be left on the chimney-piece at a certain public-house where he can find it; and, finally, this conscientious personage, after receiving one pound in this manner, is bought over by the enemy, and votes for Carden. It was the opinion of Mr. Jacobs that this Welsh was "a Uriah Heap sort of man," and, indeed, he does not come out altogether in an estimable character. When Jacobs offers to pay his day's expenses if he will vote on the Liberal side, he answers that a man "ought to have more than a day's work to change his mind." Upon this the wily Jacobs changes his tactics, and wisely determines to get Mrs. Welsh over to his side. "There were some nice little childrensh playing about," he says, "and I takes up vun of 'em and gives it a shilling; then the goot voman varms up and says her husband shall take two or three poundsh less from us. I paid her five pounds, and she vent and bought pigs with it; but," adds the pork-abhorring Jacobs, "I did not give it her for *that*." Our good friend, with all his cunning, is sometimes, as the wisest of us may be, sadly taken in. "I now come," he goes on to say, "to three bad lots, Frederick Vingate, Thomas Vingate, and Thomas Knight. I had lots of trouble with those men. Their prices vash too high. They talked a deal of nonsense, and said they wanted fifteen poundsh a man; I told 'em I could not and could not give it; upon which they said they could get it upon the other side, and be put upon the committee, and all sorts of nice things. On the morning of the poll they sends to me and says, 'Vell, there is humbugging on the other side,' and I gave 'em six poundsh each, and after all they threw me over the bridge." Jacobs is proud of his philosophy, and when a voter whom he has been hankering after goes over to the enemy, and shouts aloud as he passes him in the street, "A plumper for Carden!" our good friend says, "He meant it to annoy me—but it did not." There is no end, however, to Jacobs, and we must cut him short most reluctantly, at once.

A word or two, now, on witnesses and witness-boxes.

There are few more embarrassing positions in the world than that of a witness in a witness-box. Elevated high above the heads of his audience, railed in as in a sort of pen, conscious that all eyes are fixed upon him, the witness becomes in almost every instance a confused and guilty-looking being, and all the more so if he



tries to look jaunty and unembarrassed. The one great object which it is desirable for a witness to attain is the power of keeping still. Let him not writhe, let him not attitudinise, let him by no means run his hand through his hair, let him keep his eye fixed on the person who is examining him, and haply he may manage to avoid looking like a pickpocket. Even at best there is so much in position, that the writer was surprised, on meeting in the street one or two of those witnesses whom he had seen examined, to note that they really looked like rather respectable men, and did not appear, as they did in the witness-box, to have two or three murders at least, weighing on their minds. While on this subject, it may be as well to mention that short witnesses have great advantages over long ones, being more sheltered by wood-work, and less bare and exposed in their appearance than those gifted with taller proportions.

The Eye-witness saw some wonderful and memorable things in connexion with the witness-box in the Shire Hall, at Gloucester, to some of which he now invites the reader's attention. There was the carpenter and "jyner," as he called himself, who moistened his palms as he ascended the rostrum, as if he were going to plane his way through his evidence. There was the lady with gloves and a veil, who was in business, and had no evidence to give on the particular matter in hand, but was quite ready to launch into many interesting statements on things in general, and especially with regard to her own affairs; and indeed in this, and in protestations of future amendment and never doing anything wrong again, all the witnesses were profuse. Then, there was the disconsolate witness, who sighed as if his heart would break between each answer; the conceited witness, who, seeing that his words were being taken down by the short-hand writer, waxed eloquent, and stopped long between his sentences, glancing down at the writer aforesaid, to see that one paragraph was finished before he began another. In addition to these, there was the witness who brought documents, and in the course of his narrative, continually put his hand in his pocket for appropriate and corroborative papers, but never found them till his tale had got long past the place where they would be of any use. Nor must we omit the witness who *would* look at anybody in court whom he happened to mention in his evidence; and besides the witness whom his friends in remote corners of the building *would* prompt, there was the man who had forgotten his part, and who deliberately appealed to his friends for assistance, saying, "In the year—I say, George, what year was it when Lightpocket lost the election for mayor?"

It was a remarkable thing, and one which perhaps proves that every man ought to have a profession, that no man who after being sworn was asked what he was, and answered that he was a "gentleman," failed to look like an ass when he said so. And this is indeed a wretched way of describing a man who has nothing to do, implying that he who has a profession is not a

gentleman, and infinitely inferior, in every way, to the Italian designation, "possedente," or the French "rentier." It is noteworthy, too, that a man sitting in court, and occupying a position between the examiner and the witness who is under examination, will not uncommonly look dreadfully confused and infinitely wretched when he hears his own name brought in in the evidence, and his own affairs discussed over the very top of his head. The Eye-witness hopes it will not be misconstrued into want of respect for the fair sex, if he says that, in addition to the things already mentioned, he was also struck by the extreme reluctance of those wives of voters who had received a bribe for their husbands, to hand the same over to their worse halves on their return from business. The man whose wife had declined to part with the money she received, and who stoutly maintained in consequence that he had not been bribed at all, was a sharp fellow enough, and a close and astute reasoner.

There are some more witnesses yet, who must not be dismissed without a word. There was the man who did not know whom he had voted for, and who, in the wildness of his confusion, when he complained of the badness of his memory, put his hand to his stomach, as if that were the seat of the quality in question; there was the man who asked to be examined to relieve his mind, and who had had nothing to do with the election at all; there was the man who began an anecdote, and repenting of it, gave it up as not connected with the subject (an opinion in which the commissioners entirely coincided); there was the man who ascended the box like a clergyman coming into the pulpit, pressing his papers down heavily, arranging his handkerchief as if for a long speech, and being cut short almost before he had begun; lastly, there was the poor old attorney, all in black, with black gloves, and a high black mohair stock, whose appearance, as he held on to the sides of the witness-box, moved to an excess the pity of your Eye-witness, so that it was quite a relief to him when he heard that the poor old man had done no harm after all.

It would be an interesting thing to examine, did space permit it, how the question of an extended franchise is affected by what has recently transpired in connexion with the subject of election bribery, and how far, by increasing largely the number of electors, we should be rendering such bribery impossible. That the mere fact of giving larger numbers of the humbler orders a voice at elections will not be the means of abolishing corrupt practices is rendered sufficiently obvious by what has come out at Gloucester, where witness after witness of the lowest class proclaimed his own venality from the box, and wherethe words with which this article begins rang in one's ears all day. It may, indeed, be a question whether this is the case to so full an extent in our manufacturing towns, and whether the readiness to sacrifice gain to a principle (however mistaken) which has shown itself in the circumstances of the "strike," does not indicate that, in the class of intelligent workmen at any rate,



there exists an element to which bribery would appeal in vain.

Your Eye-witness, thinks it right to mention his belief that the main local actors in the Gloucester election were influenced, and influenced almost solely, by political motives. We in London have little idea of what politics are in the provinces, or, to use their own phrase, how "high they run." Here is a town like Gloucester, with its two political clubs, the Conservative and the Reform; here are men risking their professional prospects, in many instances paying money out of pocket (the writer heard this himself in evidence); here are instances of lawyers bestowing an amount of labour and time upon an election which, given to anything else, would have ensured a fee of three times the amount which the election brought in; here is a member of that profession which, of all others, requires the most, in its followers, an unsullied name—that of medicine—here is a surgeon, risking his practice, and owning that he has done what is detrimental to his personal prospects, and even to his success in life! And all this, surely not for the paltry profits of the election, but from political feeling and prejudice. Politics are in a country town almost like a religion, and an election acts on the place like a Revival.

This is the case with only the chief actors in this drama. With the rest, what is it? A race—a tearing, headlong race for gold—or for silver, as the case may be. The voluntary sale of a constituency; the barter of a seat in Parliament for so much money; a town indifferent as to who represents it, as long as it may but claw at the money, and which would feel disfranchisement itself more because it lost a marketable commodity than because it was declared to be unworthy of a great and sacred trust.

Sitting in that court, and watching the proceedings closely, it was impossible not to feel ashamed and pained to an excess, to see grey-headed citizens, and townsmen high in office, sitting in their places pale with apprehension, standing in the witness-box proclaiming their own misdeeds, or retiring from it abashed and crestfallen like chidden schoolboys. Well might that innocent perjurer, whose words we have already quoted, say that he wished there had never been an election, and hoped there would never be another; and well might a rustic, seated in the court behind the Eye-witness, turn to his mate and say, "I say, Jack, 'honesty's the best policy,' after all."

#### BOOKWORLD.

WHEN the dim presence of the awful Night

Clasps in its jewell'd arms the slumbering earth,  
Alone I sit beside the lowly light

That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth,  
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—  
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

It may be Shakespeare, with his endless train

Of sceptred thoughts, a glorious progeny

Borne on the whirlwind of his mighty strain

Through vision-lands for ever far and free,  
His great mind beaming thro' those phantom crowds,  
Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

It may be Milton, on his seraph wing,  
Soaring to heights of grandeur yet untrod;  
Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness cling,  
Now lost in splendour at the feet of God;  
Girt with the terror of avenging skies,  
Or wrapt in dreams of infant Paradise.

It may be Spenser, with his misty shades  
Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse,  
With breezy vistas, and with cool arcades  
Opening for ever in his antique verse.  
It may be Chaucer, with his drink divine,  
His Tabard old, and Pilgrims twenty-nine.

Perchance I linger with the mighty Three  
Of glorious Greece, that morning land of song,  
Who bared the fearful front of Tragedy,  
And soared to fame on pinions broad and strong;  
Or watch beneath the Trojan ramparts proud  
The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

No rust of time can sully Quixote's mail,  
In wonted rest his lance securely lies;  
Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale,  
For ever wide his wonder-stricken eyes;  
And Rosinante, bare and spectral steed,  
Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed.

Still can I robe me in the old delights  
Of Caliph splendid, and of Genii grim,  
The star-wealth of Arabia's thousand nights,  
Shining till every other light grows dim;  
Wander away in broad, voluptuous lands,  
By streams of silver, and through golden sands,  
Still hear the storms of Camoëns burst and swell,  
His seas of vengeance raging wild and wide;  
Or wander by the glimmering fires of hell  
With dreaming Dante and his spirit-guide;  
Loiter in Petrarch's green, melodious grove,  
Or hang with Tasso o'er his hopeless love.

What then to me is all your sparkling dance,  
Wine-purpled banquet, or vain Fashion's blaze,  
Thus roaming through the realms of rich Romance,  
Old Bookworld, and its wealth of royal days,  
For ever with those brave and brilliant ones  
That fill Time's channel like a stream of suns!

#### ENGLISH MUTTON.

WE Englishmen are proud of our beef, but it is a question whether we have not much more reason to be proud of our mutton. English and Scotch agriculture owe more to mutton than to beef. Our earliest manufacturing fame was founded on native long wool. Our greatest agricultural revolution was produced by feeding mutton on oil-cake and sliced turnips. The latest and most approved change in modern farming involves substituting sheep for bullocks on land where sheep were unknown to our ancestors. In a culinary point of view our mutton is quite as unrivalled as our beef. Rarely out of England is a first-rate broiled chop to be obtained; nowhere can the equal of a Sussex haunch or saddle be obtained; while the little Highland, Dartmoor, and Exmoor joints and legs are only to be matched on the Continent by few and far between specimens of such native breeds as the Ardennes. Spanish mutton is uneatable. In France the mutton can seldom be presented without the disguise of a fry and a sauce; and in Germany the wise

traveller will stick to the inimitable Kalb's cutlets, and avoid Merino mutton. In Hungary there is a native breed, which, when untainted by Merino crosses and fattened by one of the disciples of English farmers, makes a very tolerable imitation of the black-faced Scotch.

But, important as the muttsonian branch of British wealth is, luxury, and agricultural and manufacturing power, little or no pains have as yet been taken to diffuse and make popular the history, progress, and present condition of the British sheep among those classes who, living by them and on them, are elaborately taught the whole natural history of animals only to be found tame and worth a shilling in travelling shows and zoological gardens.

Small national and workhouse schoolboys can describe with anatomical minuteness the whole arrangements of the stomach of the camel; and young ladies frequenting colleges, at short notice will write out a neat essay on the introduction of the silkworm into Europe; but, if you were to ask the primest competitors of the middle class examinations, or those wonders of book knowledge, the civil service candidates, who founded the modern South Down—who invented the Leicester sheep—it is ten to one but they would be irrevocably floored. And yet the improvement in sheep had no small share in the agricultural changes commenced in the time of George the Third, which have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled our wheat and corn manufacture—changes only less important than those bred of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny.

The systematic improvement of sheep, as well as of all our other cattle, dates back between eighty and ninety years, to the labour of a man whose name is a household word with the stock breeders of France, and Germany, and the United States, as well as of England—Robert Bakewell. Before his time, and long after his time, in many wide districts of Great Britain and Ireland the sheep was in the same position and occupied the same place in farming economy as it now does on the greater part of the continent of Europe, where the Merino is not carefully cultivated; that is to say, the position of a machine for producing with very little care a very little wool, and, when too old to eat, a little fatless, tough mutton.

Every district had its own breed, as for instance, Kent, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, coarse varieties of the breed, producing the long wools which were so long supposed to be the sole foundation of our woollen manufacturers, and therefore guarded by a series of anti-exporting acts of Parliament. On the short, sweet grass of the Chalk Down from Sussex to Wilts, fed the grey and black-faced progenitors of the South Down and the Hampshire Down. Dorset had the originals of the white-faced horned Dorsets. Somersetshire had the foundation of the Cotswolds. Shropshire and Staffordshire the once famous peckly-faced breed now so changed as to be claimed by both the long wools and the short wools; Norfolk, the big-horned,

black-faced, wild, and hardy wool-bearers, now almost extinct, changed as much by crossings as a tall clodhopper after seven years' service in a crack infantry regiment. Devonshire and Cornwall had the Bampton now improved one of knowledge, into "Notts," as well as the active unimproved Dartmoors and little improved Exmoors. The foundation of all the improvements in every breed of English and Scotch sheep was laid by Bakewell, when he set about to manufacture the Leicester.

It is supposed that he began by selecting the best specimens of a large Warwickshire sheep. The originals, as we may see in Bewick's quadrupeds, were not unlike the specimens of long-legged, long-woolled unimproved Dutch sheep that occasionally find their way to the metropolitan market. He began with a white-faced, hornless, docile-tempered, bred among rich pastures, where, unlike Down and Mountain breeds, they could fill themselves with very little travelling; for Bakewell foresaw that in a population like ours, mutton was worth more than wool, and so by selection he set to work to produce an animal which would grow, not only the most meat out of its small bones, but as much legs and loins as possible, and also could ripen this mutton as soon as possible. In a word, he went in for symmetry, quality, and early maturity, treating size and wool as secondary objects. Thus he struck a deadly blow at that luxury, the four-year-old haunch. Without entering into tiresome details, it is enough to say that he succeeded, and probably produced Leicester sheep as perfect in symmetry as have ever been bred since, with all the aid of experience and modern advantages. And this is the more curious because the Bakewell or Dishley sheep, now a fixed type, is not an improved aboriginal breed, but a creature from a series of judicious crosses of divers long-woolled breeds. In obtaining this success, he materially reduced the size, but what he lost in bones he gained in flesh and fat.

In 1790 he had so far succeeded, not only in establishing a breed, but in inspiring the confidence of his agricultural friends, that he was able to found a Secret Sheep Breeding Club under the name of the "Dishley Society." By secrecy he attempted to supply the want of the protection of patent for his invention.

The rules are as mysterious as those of a society of political freemasons, and as exclusive as the model tariff of a French Protectionist.

For instance, by Resolution 1: Eleven subscribers, including Mr. Bakewell himself, agree to pay the sum of ten guineas each, in such sums, and at such times, and for such purposes as shall hereafter be agreed upon by the majority of subscribers.

And Resolution No. 4, declares: "That secrecy shall be kept by all members respecting the business of these meetings; and that any member quitting the society keep secret, upon his honour, the transactions before he left it." In 1794: "It is resolved, that no ram be let to any ram breeder at less than forty guineas."

In 1795: "That no ram shall be let to any members of the Lincolnshire Society, in classes, at less than two hundred guineas." This was a hit at the rival Lincolnshire breed, a kindred tribe of long wools. Also, "That no member shall sell any ewes, except to kill, at less than ten guineas each."

In 1796, it was "Resolved, that whoever deals with Mr. —, shall pay the society fifty guineas; that not less than one hundred guineas be taken from any of the persons whose names are hereafter written, for their first contract for one ram; if two join, not less than two hundred guineas, after which the price to be thirty guineas for each ram." And the list included upwards of fifty of the first noblemen, gentlemen, and farmers in the kingdom. So well had these measures succeeded, that in a letter quoted in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, dated September, 1797, a Mr. Astley offers four hundred guineas for leave to send fifty ewes to the rams of Mr. Stubbin, of Holmpierpoint, an original member of the Dishley Society.

The Dishley Society so far fulfilled its objects that the mild, weak, indolent, white-faced, small-boned, thorough-bred new Leicester became a rage and a fashion, and spread all over the kingdom, into suitable, and into the most unsuitable districts. A Lincolnshire farmer, the late Mr. Loft, of Louth, hired two rams at a thousand guineas for the year. A Cornish man, Mr. Peters, unknown to fame, brought a waggon-load at a fabulous price into his county, and conquered the wool-bearing native Celts.

About the same time that Bakewell was creating and popularising the new Leicester and long-wooled sheep, and laying down the axioms on which all breeds of sheep were to be improved, Mr. Ellman, of Glynde, in Sussex, was quietly engaged in cultivating the South Down, a small active sheep, with dark or speckled face, and dark grey legs, found from time immemorial on the downs of Sussex, as far as we can learn; for the friends of this eminent breeder are much more liberal with big words than facts, and have published a life, which contains all sorts of details, except information on the subject that made him an agricultural benefactor. Before Ellman's time they were small, high on the shoulders, high on the loins, low on the rump, sharp on the back, with flat ribs; they were rarely fat before four years old, and were valued as much for their fine wool as for their meat. Ellman, by judicious breeding, gave the South Down symmetry, and obtained early maturity. For a long series of years, the Leicester long-wool and the South Down short-wool sheep were rivals, and hot discussions were carried on, and many wagers laid in a wagering age as to their comparative superiority. But, in time, each settled down to its place. The Leicester, the Lincoln, and kindred long-wools, to richer and fallow land, the South Down to Downs, and dry light chalk or sandy lands, and a cross of one of the two was found available on every soil and in every climate. Mr. Coke, of Holkham, afterwards Earl

of Leicester, with his usual sagacity, soon hit on this truth. He began with the most improved breed, the Leicesters, for he found the native Norfolks were perfectly unprofitable, of "no more a source of profit," he said, "than a dung-cart;" but experiments and experience afterwards showed him that on the light turnip land of West Norfolk, the South Down was the right animal. And the South Down improved in size and constitution, and, made perfect by Jonas Webb, the Cambridgeshire breeder, has almost superseded, or rather crossed out, the native county black-faced, sharp-backed breed, which had been bred on the wild moors which then covered half the district, because they could live on anything, and bear any hardship of climate. It must be owned that a Norfolk wether, when four years old, and really fat, was, and is, mutton of the highest class. At the present day, the South Down is identified with Jonas Webb, who gave it size and constitution, fitted it for all climates, for Scotland and the United States, France and Australia. A Quarterly Reviewer tells how this change was the dreams of his childhood.

Almost all agricultural improvements have been followed by a reaction.

The Leicester fell into disrepute from being so overbred that the fat sheep were all fat, and the breeding ewes could not even rear their lambs.

The South Downs suffered between the years 1800 and 1816 from an attempt to render the wool a substitute for Merino, so as to render this country self-supplying in short wool as well as long wool, and also from attempts by crosses with the Merino, to put a Merino fleece on a South Down carcass. The late Lord Western pursued this last scheme with great zeal and no success, up to 1835. Lord Somerville tried to introduce the German plan of housing or coting Down sheep in winter. Even Lord Leicester fell into the delusion of spoiling South Downs with Merino rams. The rise of our Australian sheep colonies, and the repeal of the restrictions on wool importation, put a final stop to these misdirected efforts. For at least twenty years, mutton and mutton alone has been the main object of the sheep farmer.

Within the same time, by the help of artificial food and portable manures, sheep husbandry has been introduced on tens of thousands of acres previously in waste, or in coarse pasture devoted to breeding colts, or coarse horned cattle, as well as on arable farms growing little or no natural grass. Another curious change has taken place; every local breed in England has been crossed and improved either by the Leicester or South Down, or both. Or if like the Dorsets not permanently crossed, one of the two superior breeds has been used to procure a large and superior class of lambs. For instance, one of the oldest breeds in England is the Cotswold, which no doubt flourished on those limestone ranges in the time of Mr. Justice Shallow. The Cotswold is a large, lively, long-wooled sheep,



with usually, now, a white, but formerly an invariably grey, face. To the eye of an amateur, these sheep are superior to the Leicester. They are more active and vigorous, with a splendid fleece, and better mutton. But, when their nature is closely examined, there remains no doubt first, that they have been improved in symmetry and early maturity while retaining their great size, by Leicester crosses; and next, that neither pure nor as a cross, are they so universally useful as either of what may fairly be called the two standard breeds. Of course, Cotswold breeders do not admit this.

The Leicester goes everywhere like the Short horn bull, and crosses and improves in the cold and in the warm latitudes. The South Down, superior in quality of meat, has a less extended range of usefulness, although a very wide one. The Cotswold is now an established breed; that is, it can go on reproducing its improved character without crosses. Nay, it is said to have been used formerly to give size to Leicesters, and has created sub-breeds in Downs, Cotswolds, &c.

The old Teeswater sheep grown in Berwick and the old Romney Marsh, still found in natural history books, have lost their characteristic features under repeated crosses of Bakewell's new Leicester.

If we travel to the extreme west in Devonshire and Cornwall, we find the native Bampton materially changed in character by Leicester crosses, which, as before mentioned, were introduced into Cornwall, in the time of Bakewell, by Mr. Peters, and into Devonshire by the father of the present celebrated Devon cattle-breeder, Mr. George Turner, of Barton. The best-known tribe in the vales and flat lands is a cross called Bampton Notts, because the Leicester alliance has deprived them of their original horns. South Downs have not succeeded in the moist climate of the Devon hills, but a future rival of the South Down in quality and quantity of meat is supposed to be found in the Exmoor white-faced horned-sheep, of a mild and tame disposition, which inhabits the range of hills from North Devon to Somerset, once fed chiefly for their wool, and lately made more valuable by the tapping powers of railroads making them better pasture. If these have been crossed at all, it has been with Leicesters. But they seem, like the Downs, to be capable of most improvement, from within, by selection. The Dartmoor is an unimproved sheep, and small. When we leave Devonshire for Dorsetshire, we come into the great lamb manufacturers for the London market. We find an aboriginal breed of horned sheep, wilder, and longer in the leg, than the Exmoor: no doubt the breed which Roman soldiers consumed broiled, and wore as winter coats in their bleak Dorsetshire encampments. The Dorset sheep are peculiar for being very prolific; giving generally two, sometimes three lambs at a time, like certain Dutch herds, and are also remarkable for a tendency to breed very early in the year, and very young; a tendency which, properly encouraged, gives

house lamb, and meat that passes for house lamb. These lambs are the result of a first cross with a South Down ram; after which the ewes, travelling before lambing to the metropolitan counties, are themselves fattened on roots and cake and duly slain. The Dorset will thrive where the Down would starve. The Dorsets, like every other British breed, are a much more uniform and symmetrical sheep, and keep much more muttonish than they were five-and-twenty years ago. Still they show all the signs of a distinct breed; while, as to three out of four of the long-woolled breeds intermixed with Bakewell's Leicesters, no one but an expert could tell where they began and ended. The Wiltshire and Hampshire Downs, as distinguished from the Sussex, rejoice in a fine, lively, black-faced, black-legged, Roman-nosed, large-boned, slowly maturing, hardy travelling sheep: a sort of Esau brother to the Sussex Jacob, feeding on the short Down grass, and extending far and wide with the help of the eternal turnip. But all these Down districts have been more or less invaded and crossed, with the assistance of root crops, by the more genteel and precocious Sussex and Cambridgeshire South Down, which has less bone, and, like royalty, comes of age a year or two sooner than his Roman-nosed relation.

If we advance into the midland counties, taking a stretch between Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Bedfordshire, we find that of late years a taste and demand has sprung up for crosses, with the view of combining size and heavy fleece, with a better quality than a pure long-woolled sheep, still retaining early maturity. Bakewell's successors have produced a small, delicate, fat sheep. At breeding shows, the great prizes are very properly given for pure blood, which is the source of all improvement. But the butchers demand includes quantity and quality. To answer this demand there has been manufactured the Down Cotswold, which is the result of a South Down, a Hampshire Down, and a Cotswold, with probably a dash of the Leicester. There has also, within ten years, been produced a sheep, which, dressed with red-ochre, produced a great sensation at the late Paris agricultural show, as "*les brebis rouges*," and which has been recently named the "*Oxford Down*:" a mixture of Cotswold, Leicester, and South Down, raised in Oxfordshire and Bedfordshire, a race which its breeders maintain has at last established itself as a distinct type. It is larger than either a Leicester or a Down, with a great fleece, and very good mutton. Indeed, it would seem as if (with the exception of the limited area of the Downs, and dry, chalky, or sandy soils), pure sheep would rarely be found out of the hands of ram breeders, and that farmers of arable land would confine themselves to crosses. The fashionable South Coast and West-end London butchers must have pure South Down lamb and mutton for their customers. In Norfolk and Suffolk, Down crosses prevail; in Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire, the Leicester and Lincoln blood, and long-woolled character prevail; and all the manufacturing districts,



whether iron or cotton, like a large sheep until you reach Northumberland. A manufacturing and seaport population must have quantity and fat meat. But our colliers and iron men are more dainty than their fathers were a quarter of a century ago, when the maxim was, "A little fat mutton makes a great many fat potatoes."

In Shropshire, on very doubtful grounds, but with great vehemence, native breeders claim as a pure breed, the Shropshire Downs: a very fine, large, dark-faced sheep, with a round carcase and a heavy fleece, sufficiently established to reproduce itself, although Leicester men claim the back and Down men the quality. Outsiders point to the fact that the "peckly" face which once distinguished the hill sheep of Shropshire has become a uniform grey. On the other hand, the Shropshire men declare that the modern South Down owes its great size to a stolen cross with the Shropshire, whether or not, there is no doubt it is an excellent sheep.

Scotland and the borders of England are supplied with two breeds of sheep of a very distinct character, that are rarely, if ever, found south, except in the butchers' shops: the Cheviot, a white, tame, hornless sheep, and what is commonly called the black-faced Highlander. The latter is the dark, wild-faced fellow, with enormous curled horns, which, from figuring so often in the shape of Scotch mulls, adorned with cairngorms set in silver thistles, is identified with the Highlands almost as much as plaids and bare legs. But this wild, shaggy, long-woolled sheep, which feeds and thrives, in spite of mist and snow, on the heath-covered tops of Highland mountains, where every other kind of sheep would starve, is really a native of the English border hills, and only emigrated to Scotland late in the last century, where it has been carefully bred into the model shape without losing hardiness. Thus bred, fed so cheaply, although not so soon fit to kill as other breeds, it furnishes throughout the winter many tons of legs, loins, and saddles, which are forwarded by steam-boat and rail to the southern, and especially the London, markets—there, in a great degree, superseding the wretched stuff called Welsh mutton. This black fellow not only thrives on mountain-tops, but fattens comfortably and contentedly on roots, when transplanted to the turnip farms of the Lowlands.

On a lower zone than the black-faced, but as high up as grass will grow, feeds the hardy, white-faced, hornless Cheviot: an admirable mutton-producing sheep, more hardy than the South Down, in fact, a true hill sheep. This is, a colonist from England, which, however, owes much to the careful selection and breeding talents of Scotch sheep farmers. It is with the Cheviot and the Black-faced, that hills and dales, which once only fed caterans and their cattle, have been made productive and profitable.

Both these breeds are largely crossed, for one cross with Leicesters and Cotswolds for mutton, and the Highlanders for lambs, with South Downs and with Leicesters for wethers, the Leicester cross being the most used. But prime

Leicesters and Downs have also been acclimated in Scotland.

In this sketch, all species of any importance at the present day in numbers have been mentioned, except Welsh, which are so deficient in everything that should make a profit, that it is the universal opinion of mutton judges that the best thing for Wales—next to introducing the Scotch system of improving mountain pastures—would be, to supersede the native long legged, bony, fatless breed, by black-faced Highland Cheviots, improved Exmoors, and the hardier tribes of Downs; for to improve so small and wild a sheep would cost more than they are worth. Talking of Welsh sheep, the present Lord Llanover told an agricultural meeting how, when his father wanted to introduce turnips as winter food into his native country, his tenants and neighbours declared, with true Celtic fire, that a Welsh sheep would disdain to look at a Saxon turnip. Mr. Hall did not argue the point, but, in a snug gorge of a sheepmountain, surrounded a few acres with a stone wall topped with hurdles which no sheep could leap or penetrate; this enclosure he planted with turnips. When winter came, and the sheep were half starved, he had the hurdles taken down, one night. The sheep, of course, leaped in, and when they had feasted full, Mr. Hall sent his men to drive them into the parish pound, as trespassers. The next day Llanover House was besieged by the owners of the turnip-eating sheep for their release. But he met them with, "These can't be your sheep; you said they would not touch a Saxon turnip!" The Welshmen very humbly ate their leek, and the turnip-eaters were given up.

For all practical purposes, the intelligent foreigner, studying our sheep agriculture, may confine his attention to the Leicester and Lincoln tribes, the Cotswolds, the Downs, perhaps the Shropshire Downs, the Cheviots, and the improved Highland black-faced. From these, crosses of more or less value, more or less fixed types, have arisen, and are rapidly increasing in number, in consequence of the demand for weight in meat and wool. After carefully examining the sheep cultivation from the extreme south to north of the island, we have come to the conclusion that, in all arable districts there is a tendency to use sheep with more muscle and less fat than the pure Leicester, more size and wool than the pure Down. A change has recently taken place in our manufacturing demands which has made British long wool more valuable than short wool. A change in taste has also been established which creates a demand for quality in most markets, which can only be obtained by a dash of Mountain or Down sheep.

It is curious to look back, less than one hundred years, and observe that the gauge of animal merit first publicly propounded by Bakewell (who ruined himself with his experiments), has since been applied to all our live stock, and especially to sheep, with the effect of improving every breed worth preserving; so that, although

there is very little four-year-old mutton, there is more good food, and probably ten times as much mutton, as in Bakewell's time. The legs are longer and rounder, the backs are flatter, and the ribs more hoop-like. The shoulders, too, have gained, while as to maturity, which means increased number of pounds of legs, loins, chops, and shoulders turned off a farm in a year, let one of the greatest salesmen in the London market speak :

"Twenty years ago I was sent to the London market to buy a lot of sheep to graze, and was told to be sure to get a few shearlings, or one-year-old sheep; but I could find none less than two, three, or four years old. Now, you may go through the sheep market and not find twenty per cent over one year old, two per cent over two years old; and three-year-old sheep are almost unknown in the London live market." This really means that a farm feeds three or four times as many sheep on the same land in four years, as before Bakewell's principles became, with the assistance of corn and oil-cake, guano-grown roots, and clay drainage, almost universal. With a moderate unlimited pasture, and time no object, it is very easy to produce excellent mutton, as good as on the best and highest farmed estate of 1859. But, our breeders and farmers, with the assistance of engineers, chemists, and merchants, have found out how to increase the supplies of mutton a hundred-fold without increasing the area of our island.

We have said nothing of Ireland, because Ireland does not shine in sheep, but in Short-horns. The climate of Ireland best suits English long wool. There are no native Irish breeds.

#### TWISTED WORDS.

THE Dean of Westminster knows better than any man in England how to teach his countrymen, that it is pleasant work to look below the surface of their language. To his delightful little book upon "The Study of Words," and upon "English Past and Present," Dr. Trench has lately joined a companion volume called "A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in Senses Different from their Present." It is illustrated from his own reading among early English authors, and is not less remarkable for independent scholarship than for simplicity. We see in it wherein we may gather a small etymological posy, and find satisfactory amusement. Let us mean by Amusement what our forefathers meant; something to muse over, something that seizes the attention. To a certain limited extent, that sense remains. For example, we may say that a thief keeps a man amused with empty questions, while he takes his watch. But we should not now say of a man, as Fuller did, that "being amused with grief, fear and fright, he could not find a house in London (otherwise well known to him), whither he intended to go." In the word Amusement, then, we do not quite abandon the idea of occupation of the mind.

Abandon, banish, give to the ban or open proclamation, which was commonly a condemnation to the penalty of law, but not necessarily so. When we publish the banns or proclamings of marriage, we are not supposed to mean a condemnation of the bachelors and spinsters to some legal pains. A bandit—ban-spoken—is a man against whom law has proclaimed itself. A house is in the fullest sense abandoned, when its owner has not only left it, but has also put it into the hands of an auctioneer, who advertises that it will be sold to the best bidder; or when it is left to fall under the ban of a Public Health Act, and be pulled down by a Board of Works. To denounce, or leave to be denounced, was to abandon, the sense of the word corresponding fully in old time to its internal Anatomy.

Anatomy is Greek for dissection, and means only the cutting asunder the several parts of a thing. After all this dissection of a man was done, the bones remained, and thus what we now call the skeleton (from the Greek word for dry) used to be called the anatomy. A skeleton, on the contrary meant, not the bones only, but the entire body dried into a mummy, though no bones whatever were apparent.

The word apparent is here used in the old sense of manifest, though Dr. Trench tells us that the one phrase "heir apparent" is the only instance of our use of the word as meaning that which appears and is, in opposition to its present customary sense of that which appears but is not. We suggest as a question, whether there may not be a slight tendency to use this word in one sense as an adjective before its noun, and in the other sense when it is the noun that is first spoken or written. The heir apparent is not the same thing as the apparent heir. Does not a like distinction hold good rather generally? Between such phrases, for example, as apparent anger in his letter and anger apparent in his letter?

Here let us diverge to make a grammatical remark. There is a curious instinct about common usage. Everybody knows that there are verbs—like swim, and sink—that represent the past with two forms. Swim makes swam and swum; sink makes sank and sunk. The double form arose from a fact wholly dead to the existing language. In the oldest English, one vowel was used in the singular, and the other in the plural, of the perfect tense; it was (to speak roughly) I sank, but we sunk. Both forms, disengaged from their first tie, were at one time left to drift loosely about in the language, and grammarians now teach that one is doomed to be got rid of. Probably not. Without accepting rule from anybody, by mere consent and usage of all educated English speakers, the loose fragments have crystallised afresh into a fixed shape that has no reference whatever to their first position. The forms in a are confined to the active past tense, and the forms in u are all changed into participles. We say I drank and I was drunk, never I drunk and I was drank. We speak of money sunk, not money sank. It is no longer

regarded as pure English to say, I sung a song. Nobody would say that a song had been sang; and so forth. Now there has never been a rule to settle this; possibly the fact, tacitly admitted by all writers, is here for the first time recognised in formal words. Simply the fact shows how, through the minds of all the speakers, language seems to work as its own artist.

An artist meant a cultivated scholar once, especially a scholar in the classics, which were commonly known as the chief liberal arts. What we still call at the universities being a Master of Arts, used to entitle men to rank as artists. He whom we now call an artist was then called an artisan. Shakespeare writes of

The wise and fool, the artist and unread.

Waller admires in a painter, the

Rare artisan, whose pencil moves  
Not our delights alone, but loves.

But it needs much study to ascertain the way in which society has acted upon language to produce these transfers of name from one class to another.

There is the word ascertain. It now means only to acquire certain knowledge of a thing; once it meant to give certainty to the thing itself; to ascertain, to assure it. Then assurance very commonly was an affiancement or betrothal. So easy a transition causes no astonishment.

Our tendency to use exaggerated words has made it possible to speak even of being astonished at a curiosity in etymology, although that word is but the Latin form for thunderstruck. Once it was used more strictly. It was even chosen by the old translator of Pliny to represent the effect of an electric shock, when he wrote that "The cramp-fish (torpedo) knoweth her own force and power, and being herself not benumbed, is able to astonish others." Cannon astonished men, and though we now call nothing but guns artillery, it is to be observed that bows or any engines for projecting missiles used to be so called. "And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go carry them to the city."

There may be deadly shots fired from the barrel of a pen. Nobody knows this more clearly than your attorney, who declines now to be known as your attorney, and accounts himself solicitor. Yet an attorney meant so generally one who is put in the place, stead, or "turn" of another, that the man who would serve your turn at the law courts had especially to be defined as your attorney-at-law, while teachers in the Church did not shrink from applying in the very highest sense that word for substitute, in preaching "Our only attorney, only mediator, only peacemaker between God and men." The word solicitor has at its root the meaning of a tempter or enticer, one who pulls at us by hope or fear. Judged by the etymology alone, the change of phrase is awkwardly significant.

The word awkward has not yet come to mean only clumsy or maladroit. It retains, though

Dr. Trench does not allow it credit for so doing, in very many cases the old sense of untoward. Thus, an awkward question does not usually mean a question clumsily put, but cunningly put and untoward for the person who must answer it. When a man says that he finds himself placed in an awkward position, he means that he is pulled in contrary directions by the circumstances to which he refers. Indeed, he will commonly complete the train of thought by going on to explain: If I stay here, there's my difficulty; and if I go there, here's my difficulty. Awkward and wayward represent only two modifications of the same old word, aweg, for away. The awkward end used to be the name for the end of a rod away from the hand that held it:

She sprinkled us with bitter juice of uncouth herbs,  
And strake the awkward end of her charmed rod upon our heads.

There is a study of old manners in the present meaning of such words as base, villain, caitiff, and the like. Base formerly meant only low in birth, and Our Lord was said to be "equal to them of greatest baseness;" but the pride of the aristocracy (who by that very word declare themselves to be morally the best) assumed that lowest birth meant lowest worth. A knave once meant only a boy. The patient Grisel bore "a knave child" to the cruel marquis who had robbed her of her daughter. In German the old word (with only a b for a v, knave for knave) still means boy simply, and is no term of reproach. Among us it was borne by the boys in great lords' kitchens. These were reviled and beaten by the great lords who, when they called Knave! turned up their high and mighty noses. Caitiff, again, is only the Norman French form of the word captive. Dr. Trench observes that captivity tends to degrade; but the later sense of the word caitiff must have arisen in no small degree out of the bluster of the conqueror. The black guards were the scullions and kitchen people who, in old English days, when great families migrated from one residence to another, had charge of the sooty pots and pans, and other kitchen utensils. We read in Webster of a fellow "that within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the duke's carriage, amongst spits and dripping-pans;" whilst an old treatise on Divinity speaks of "dukes, earls, and lords, great commanders in war, common soldiers and kitchen boys, glad to trudge it on foot in the mire, hand in hand, a duke or earl not disdaining to support or help up one of the black guard ready to fall, lest he himself might fall into the mire, and have none to help him."

There is another sort of social truth illustrated by the passage of the large word with its large meaning, charity, into a word that means a mere giving of alms, and of a word bounty, that meant goodness once, into the mere sense of free giving. Men fighting about for hard-won gains, have seen all charity or goodness in the neighbour, who will throw what they want into their lap and ask for nothing in return.

Bombast was the Elizabethan crinoline, being the old name for the cotton which supplied a

vast amount of wadding to the clothes of polite people. "Certain I am," says Stubbs, "there was never any kind of apparel ever invented that could more disproportion the body of man than these doublets, stuffed with four, five, or six pound of bombast at the least." The globular buttons, now worn only by pages, were worn also in those days as bullions by the exquisite, "in his French doublet with his blistered bullions." Bullion properly means, and used always to mean, any gold metal baser than the standard of the Mint.

Words, whilom flourishing,

Pass now no more, but, banished from the court,  
Dwell with disgrace among the vulgar sort;  
And those which eld's strict doom did disallow  
And damn for bullion, go for current now.

In the word *buxom* we can trace the whole course of the change of meaning from the original sense of bendable (still the meaning of the German form of it, *biegsam*), which implied obedient or pliable. Being pliable was being ready to accommodate one's self to others, and to be obliging. But that is a feminine virtue most especially, it makes a woman cheerful company, and, ten to one, this cheerful and companionable woman, who has taken the world easily, and bent aside under its blows instead of bearing them, who is not of the anxious sort, is not of the lean sort. She is plump and has no wrinkles in her face. Yet in the old days, with the cares of a martyr on him, the lean man could say, "I submit myself unto this holy Church of Christ, to be ever *buxom* and obedient to the ordinance of it."

Is it because we are more lazily disposed to be carried than to carry, that the word *carriage* means no longer what we ourselves bear, but that which bears us. We have quite lost the original sense of the text, "And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage." Certainly it must be because we are all so much more ready to condemn than to applaud our neighbour, that the word *censure*, which means only an expression of opinion, now means only blame. On the other hand such words as *delicacy*, and *luxury*, which once meant only offences of the self-indulgent, have become terms by which animal pleasure is caressed. The sins of the rich have come to honour by the same process of language that has made reproach of the poor man's privations and necessities. "Thus much," says an old writer, "of delicacy in general; now more particularly of his first branch, gluttony." Chaucer declaims against 'foule lust of luxurie' that taints the minds of men.

There is an inference not flattering to the condition of society to be drawn from the twist of meaning undergone by many words. *Cunning* used to mean simply knowing, having knowledge, and it was not profane to ascribe to the three persons of the Trinity "power, cunning, and might." The perverse and selfish use commonly made of superior knowledge,—early or exclusive intelligence, has at last led to an habitual employment of this word in a bad sense.

When the battle of Waterloo was fought, the King of France was in a Flemish town, where he was in the habit of breakfasting with his household at an open balcony, in presence of the public. Speedy news of the fall of Napoleon having reached this royal household, there was mutual felicitation and embracing visible from the street. An emissary of the house of Rothschild was outside, instantly divined the truth, and shot over to London. When the house he represented had made use of the intelligence to effect its own little arrangements upon 'Change, government was informed of what it knew, and the house turned a penny by its cunning.

Again, the word *demure* once honestly meant what it now expresses only with a latent sneer. We knew better than to trust one another as "demure and innocent." Facetiousness was once the mirth of the refined, but we must question the fairness of the Dean's inference that, because now the name is applied only to the ruder sort of jesting, men have degenerated. Facetiousness of the most courtly ladies, a few centuries ago, would in some respects suit better in these days the precincts of the Coal Hole than those of the Court of St. James. The word means what it did mean; but our sense of refined jesting has improved. We are more disposed to accept without inquiry the moral drawn from the twist of meaning in a word like *garb*. A man's *garb* used to be his whole outside demeanour:

First for your garb, it must be grave and serious,

Very reserved and locked.

Now it means only so much of him as he may find catalogued and priced at stated seasons by his tailor. Or again, we may add a couple of letters to that word, and find, in the way we have dealt with the word *garble*, evidence against the humanity of critics. *Garble* is derived from a later Latin verb, meaning a sifting of corn, which again was derived from *garba*, a wheat-sheaf. The word used to mean any picking or sorting: garbled spices were picked spices. We apply the word now only to a picking and choosing of bits out of books, and always assume that this picking of extracts is done dishonestly, with an unfriendly purpose.

We take now some general suggestions of the twist that certain words have undergone. *Copy* is, almost unchanged, the Latin word for plenty. An English historian could of old time seek praise for "choice and copy of tongue." To make a book or writing plentiful by transcribing it again and again, was to *copy*. To transcribe was to *copy*. Afterwards, to *copy* meant but little more than to transcribe.

*Defiance* means a breaking of the bonds of faith with any one or any thing. To what we defy we declare that no treaty or natural obligation shall any longer bind us. Conflict necessarily used to follow on defiance, and the old sense of the word has been obscured. In the present war, the Power that first set at naught the Treaty of Vienna may be said, at any rate among the etymologists, to have defied Europe by that act.



Desire is now only a forward longing, once it was a backward longing, a wish to recover the beloved dead. That is the sense of the word when in the Book of Chronicles it is said of Jehoram that "he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and departed without being desired." Disease, meaning, in fact, only want of ease, is now a word only applied to serious sickness. It used to mean any discomfort or distress.

Another word of which the sense has been intensified, and even altered, is *explode*. It is explain the opposite to applaud, and meant, at first, the driving of an actor from the stage by a loud clapping of the hands. From the loudness we get the present idea of an exploded thing as something that has burst with noise, and suppose that an "exploded opinion" is our figurative phrase for an opinion that has burst and gone to pieces. Nevertheless, the phrase did really mean, when it was first used, an opinion that has been—as we should now say—hissed off by the public. "Shall then," South asks, in one of his sermons, "that man pass for a proficient in Christ's school, who would have been exploded in the school of Zeno or Epicuretus?"

We have talked over a very small number of the words gathered into Dean Trench's little glossary. From first to last it is suggestive, and we part from it unwillingly, with a glance only at two more curious words—*formality* and *common-sense*. What can there be curious in words like that, the steady Briton asks. Formality, simple thing as it seems to us, is an old logical term, and the formality of a thing used to mean its essential part, its very heart. But in life a man who looked only at formalities abided rigidly by principles of things, and paid no great attention to externals. He was not pliable and buxom, he was a man of rules, formal and dry, by no means popular. It was a bad thing, therefore, to be formal, and formality is now our word for an absurd precision in adherence only to external and trivial rules. The word once brought into light use by the trivial, soon worked its way out of the centre of life to its surface.

And common sense; if there be anything that steady Britons put their faith in, it is common sense. They play a practical part with that old metaphysical term, which really represented something complex and confusing. It was held to be an additional *nous* with which the five wits were in communication, and by which their several accounts were discussed and settled. It was, as Henry Shore described, "some part of the body wherein seeing, hearing, and all other perceptions meet together, as the lines of a circle in the centre, and where the soul does also judge and discern of the difference of the objects of the outward senses." Its metaphysical definition gave to this term of common sense its present meaning, for it never meant sense common to all people, or such sense as common people have, although it is in some such way that most persons would now interpret it.

Yet one note more we must set down to re-

cognise the fact common to English and to other languages, that there is a deeply significant tendency to unite in one word the ideas of wickedness and misery. It was so of old with the word *unhappy*, and it is so yet with the word *wretch*.

#### MUSICAL PRIZE FIGHT.

FEW London frequenters of spas and watering-places know the sandy town of Redcar, on the north coast of Yorkshire. It is one of those remote refuges which Nature has provided for bathers who are tired of even the moderate gaiety of Worthing; for north-country millowners who wish to wash away the smoke of Barnsley, or the soot of Sheffield; for invalids who are advised to fly from the noise of society into the noise of the elements, and for yachting barristers on the Northern Circuit who have more taste for catching cod-fish a score of miles out in the German Ocean, than for dangle after broad-hatted beauties at Harrogate or Scarborough. These are the high and important objects for which Redcar has risen from an old and obscure collection of fishing-huts on a line of sand-hills, into a broad, calm street of red-bricked lodging-houses. There is no more human tumult, there are no more signs of life, there is much less of dissipation, in the Redcar High-street on a September evening, than in any well-conducted metropolitan cemetery. The place may be likened to a long cell, into which it is good for worldlings to retire for a while and reflect on the tenor of their past life, with a view of improving the future. The few silent shops seem sacred to the memory of the names over their doorways; and, although the draper's sends forth a perfume of merinoes, silks, and fustian, and the grocer's a scent of coffee, tea, and pepper, both shops may, with very little imagination, be taken for family sepulchres. A shaky cart may jolt by with a load of glistening sea-weed for manuring land, but the horse looks drowsy and contented, as his hissing cargo drops in long brown flakes on the sandy road, and the driver moves as if he had his whole lifetime in which to perform his task. So close as Redcar is to the jar and din of the Middlesboro' iron-works, it neither hears them, nor cares for them one jot. It wants to be left alone. It has been a fishing-town beyond the memory of the oldest man, and a fishing town you will be pleased to let it remain. It has gone so far for half a century as to net lodgers as well as fish; but the lodgers were none of its seeking. As they think proper to come, they must be respectably provided for; but with no idea of extortion, or of making the most by them. Its principal hotels, while they furnish every comfort, have not yet got beyond the simplicity and moderation of commercial travellers' prices.

The iron road is too near not to tantalise the inhabitants with the prospect of cheap and rapid travelling—too distant to be readily available; the stage coach is unknown, the omnibus has faded away, and the heavy rumbling carrier's cart, with its three coarse horses harnessed

head and tail, remains the undisputed master of the position.

The inhabitants of this hill district are clan-nish and self-reliant. They live and marry amongst themselves, and present the high cheek-bones and hard features which generally mark the Yorkshire race. A few wild offshoots are occasionally sent out as scouts, in the shape of wandering boys who see the misty sea between the hills, and go down to its tempting fishing-boats, and away in its gliding ships; but they return as "master mariners" to be buried in their native moorland churchyard, and to add their testimony to those who have been round the world, and pronounce that there is nothing in it worth mentioning.

A favourable specimen of a moorland village in the hills, is Lofthouse, in Cleveland, about half way between Redcar and Whitby. Attracted by a handbill advertisement of a "Grand Village Band Contest" at this place, on Friday, September 30, 1859, I procured a dog-cart at Redcar, and was driven over the greatest part of the way, like the hero of *Lammermoor*, along the sands, but with not quite such a melancholy result. At length, winding slowly down a hill which we had reached into a valley; past a waggon heavily laden with provisions, which was toiling over to the village festival, while the group of shouting schoolboys who were interested in its contents were making short cuts to Lofthouse, by scampering over the stubby fields; past the village clergyman and his favourite monitor, driving over on the same cheerful errand in a substantial four-wheeled chaise; past another waggon, loaded with gravel-coloured peasants mixed with women, boys, and girls, on shafts, back, front, and sides, and almost on the wheels; past a solitary omnibus from *Guisboro'*, specially chartered by one of the competing bands, in which an ophicleide, as large as a village pump, appeared to hold the post of honour, and dingy Sax-horns were nursed by rough-looking musical nurses, as if they were children of priceless worth; past many pedestrians who were jolting down one hill, and toiling up another, on their road to the scene of the musical prize fight; past all the signs of a not very distant attraction, down into the valley, across a stone bridge, and up through a dark fir-wood, until at last we drove up to the door of the principal inn in Lofthouse, the *Golden Lion*.

There was nothing very peculiar in my appearance, except that I was an alien and a stranger in a place unaccustomed to public visitors; but my general impression is that Lofthouse was wholly unable to make me out. Several dogs came up to examine me, lolled out their tongues and wagged their tails, and then disappeared in one or other of the open doorways. A large shopkeeper, in a small general way of business, surveyed me from between a number of miscellaneous articles that stood in his shop window amongst dead blue-bottles and expiring wasps. A young lady in full evening costume, even to a low dress and crinoline (the daughter of a leading

draper in the village), came out to her father's door, and after surveying me for several minutes, retired into the dim recesses of the shop, totally incapable of making me out. Another young lady at a rival draper's, who was adorning herself for the mid-day festival, after examining me several times, for periods of from one to five minutes each, from her chamber window, continued her toilet, at last, in despair, because she, too, was unable to make me out. A number of boys with vacant faces and open mouths, who stood motionless in the road at the front of the *Golden Lion* door, with their heads bent forward, their hands thrust into their pockets, and their knees disposed of at different degrees of inward inclination, were also perfectly unable to make me out. An aged bandy-legged man in drab cloth gaiters, who came to, and went from, the threshold of an opposite doorway, like the figure over a Swiss fancy clock, was probably making himself quite ill in his fruitless endeavours to make me out. A tottering old woman in an adjoining doorway was another observer of the single alien and stranger, and she, like the others, was incapable of making me out.

The *Golden Lion*, and its landlord, were far above any such idle curiosity on such a busy day (for them), and while they were as ignorant as any one in the village as to who I was, or who I might be, they made me pretty clearly understand that they cared very little to know, as long as I stood out of the way. The usual hotel form of "showing" me "to a room," was certainly gone through, and I availed myself of it to deposit my great-coat, and my travelling-bag; but, finding that six Lofthouse men were engaged at the window in hanging out a flag, and that preparations had been made for turning this and all the other sleeping apartments into tap-rooms at a later period of the day, I gave it up, without a murmur, into the hands of resolute festivity, and proceeded down stairs to the old-fashioned stone-floored parlour, that was also kitchen, tap-room, and bar.

Here I found the first band that had come into Lofthouse to try its musical skill, very busily engaged in trying the Lofthouse rum and ale; while, hanging up by hooks from the ceiling, amongst many bundles of dried winter herbs, were several cornopeans to be used in the harmonious fight.

The usual plan of band-approach appeared to be, to stop about two hundred yards outside the houses, and then to tramp in, playing a defiant march. Upon drawing up before the *Golden Lion*, the players formed a circle, and finished off with another defiant tune, which seemed to say to all Lofthouse, "We are Farn-dale; beat that if you can!"

Before the arrival of another party of combatants, these performers retired to one of the drinking rooms, where the landlord gazed upon them with a silent but fatherly interest, having more regard to what they drank than to what they played.

They sat upon tables, and along benches

against the wall; they puffed pipes until they were almost invisible in clouds of tobacco-smoke; they disposed of their brass instruments in the window, until the hostelry looked, from the outside, like a military trumpet-maker's shop. Their faces were flushed with beer, if not with anticipated triumph, and they were encouraged to seek victory by the presence of certain gentle beings who had sworn to wear their colours to the last. A couple of Yorkshire "Arabs" had somehow drifted up from some city of large population in the county, and, while one offered to clean boots at a penny a pair, the other stood up with his nose just above the beer mugs on a table, and sang a popular song, until a member of a brass band extinguished him with the mouth of a yawning ophicleide. I am sorry to have to admit, in all candour, that these were the only two boys in the village who seemed quite capable of making me out.

I now give the rules and the programme, as they were given in excellent print to me:

## REGULATIONS.

"That the district shall embrace all villages within a distance of thirty miles. That each band intending to compete shall consist of not more than fourteen members, each member having been enrolled in the said band at least three months before contesting. That each band shall have the privilege of choosing one piece of music, the other to be selected by the judge. That no professional shall be allowed to play with any band."

## LOFTHOUSE GRAND VILLAGE BAND CONTEST.

On Friday, September 30, 1859.

N.B.—Placards announcing the name of each band, as they play, will be displayed upon the platform; reference then can be made to the programme. The order of playing will be decided previously by drawing lots.

## PROGRAMME.

Test piece, to be played by each of the bands—  
"Grand Parade March" . . . Jones.

AISLABY BRASS BAND, 9 Performers.—Leader, Mr. R. Corney.

Selection . . . "La Sonnambula" . . . Bellini.

BILSDALE BRASS BAND, 12 Performers.—Leader, Mr. W. Hart.

Selection . . . "Twelfth Mass" . . . Mozart.

FARNDALE BRASS BAND, 11 Performers.—Leader, Mr. Potter.

Selection . . . "Lucrezia Borgia" . . . Donizetti.

GUISBORO' BRASS BAND, 12 Performers.—Leader, Mr. Bannister.

Selection . . . "Il Trovatore" . . . Verdi.

LOFTHOUSE SAX-HORN BAND, 10 Performers.—Leader, Mr. J. Walker.

Hallelujah Chorus . . . Handel's Messiah.

The contest will commence at one o'clock.

The first three of these bands were what is called "moor-bands;" that is, a troop of performers collected in a straggling district of cottages, extending from ten to twenty miles, the inhabitants of which have proportionately few opportunities for practising music together. The Guisboro' band has the good fortune to come from a town that boasts a railway terminus, and which can scarcely be called a village; while the Lofthouse Sax-horn company was the only

strictly "village" band that was entered for the musical contest.

The whole village, though it could not quite make out all the important points in the combat, was quite willing to stand still, with its hands in its pockets, and to give itself up to gazing at everything and everybody, and the moderate dissipation of an extemporised fair. The daddies (and what village is without a dozen of them?) crawled up and down the hilly street with blinking, smiling satisfaction; while the grannies (and what village is also without a dozen of them?) conferred with each other across cottage garden palings. The children assembled round every object of the slightest show or interest, in speechless astonishment, and listened wherever there was one man speaking to another.

The individual who seemed to take in the whole festival with a quiet grasp of intellect, was a dusty, yellow-coloured quarryman—or something of that kind—who was returning home to dinner from his morning's work. He said nothing, although he stood in the midst of a (Lofthouse) crowd; but the twinkle of his eye, and the saucy tilt of his ragged cap, spoke volumes, even without words. His jacket was flung over his shoulder, in the form of a soldier's breast-belt; and in his hand he held dangling a tin can, like a small oil-can, which was most probably devoted to his daily allowance of tea. He looked as if his body had been buried in clay three parts of his life, without destroying his sense of enjoyment, or his belief that whatever is, is right. The children gathered round him, as round one who was evidently good at thinking, and who might possibly give utterance to something that it would not be well to lose. Their expectations, however, were doomed to be disappointed, for, after regarding the Golden Lion, the assembled bands, and the spectators at the opposite cottages, with another eye twinkle, and another meaning smile, he walked slowly down the village hill at the Whitby end, as he had walked slowly up the other hill at the Redcar end, swinging his tea-can jauntily at his side, and dragging his heavily-booted legs after him, but making no further sign.

At length the time approached for the musical struggle, and the order was given to desert the rum-glass and the ale-can, and to march to the meadow, where the judge and the orchestra were ready. This was done in noble style, each band of performers playing its own favourite march, in its own favourite way, and being headed by its own favourite musical vivandières. This time it was the turn of the oxen in an adjoining paddock to be thoroughly astonished, and, after regarding the troop of visitors and players with becoming gravity, they evidently came to the usual Lofthouse verdict, that they were not able to make it out. The four or five policemen from the different villages were disposed of round the meadow, and their first duty, as usual, was to chase unruly boys, who dodged behind hedges instead of paying sixpence, and coming in by the legal entrance, up a lane.

The judge got into a bathing-machine, which



had drifted up from the coast on to the hills, to serve him as an observatory, and being duly fortified with apples and a bottle of liquid, he gave the necessary and long-expected sign to begin.

It was Guisboro' that led off first (by lot) with Mr. Jones's March; and, without pretending to be critical, I may say that the performance more than equalled the composition. The Lofthouse Sax-horn band then took possession of the arena, and showed the judge and the visitors what village amateurs can do. Both of these companies were dressed in something like uniform, which may, or may not, have had an effect upon their musical unity; and it was not until the Aislaby players stepped on the platform that I, for one, amongst the audience, had an opportunity of regarding a lonely Yorkshire moor-band, standing up without any adventitious aid. Without inquiring too closely into the daily occupations of the performers (which, I am given to understand, may range from farming to iron-working, and sometimes to keeping a shop), I should say that a journeyman baker, two regular canal bargemen, three Dudley colliers in their Sunday clothes, a working blacksmith without much adornment, and two Scotch tally-men, provided with dingy trombones, corneopans, Sax-horns, and ophicleides, would complete the picture of the Aislaby band. The Farndale and Bilsdale moor-bands that followed them, were twin brothers in appearance; and I say this with no disrespect to these humble students of a refined accomplishment, but rather to their infinite credit. They were all working men of the hardest working class, and they manfully showed like what they are.

When Mr. Jones's March had been decently blown through the five brass bands and then got rid of, the second test of comparative merit took place; the performance of the operatic and sacred selections. The same rotation was again observed, and after Guisboro' had led off with a number of airs from *Il Trovatore*, the Lofthouse band followed with the Hallelujah Chorus, and the moor-bands of Aislaby, Farndale, and Bilsdale respectively, with selections from *La Sonnambula*, *Lucresia Borgia*, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass. To say that the performance of these difficult pieces approached perfection, would only convey an untruth, but it far exceeded the ordinary standard of civilisation existing at the places from which the bands were drawn. The Bilsdale band, although playing with less spirit, perhaps, than some of their rivals, had a keen sense of harmony, and a rich mellow tone, which suited my taste even better than the performance of their more successful competitors. It was a sight to see the leader of this band, a short and sunburnt young man, like a country "boots," dressed in a waistcoat that might have been a piece of leopard's skin, except that the ground, instead of being brown, was crimson, and the

spots, instead of being black, were a very prominent white. There were several other moor flowers in this and other bands, with a taste for very similar waistcoats; and not the unapproachable Jullien, in all his glory, could compare with one of these.

To see such conductors waving a corneopan, while "T' Twel' Mass o' Mozart," or "S'lect-shuns fram t' Narma," as they were conversationally called, were being played in rather slow—and consequently Lofthouse—time, was a hopeful sight for those who travel through the moorland district in the constant fear that some ruffian will "fettle their mouths with a brick." I do not pretend to say, that because Ah, che la morte! is blown upon a Yorkshire trumpet, fighting is altogether a stranger to Yorkshire fists, but I think that the man who conducts the melodies of Bellini, although in a crimson waistcoat and corduroys, is not likely to bite off his neighbour's ear, or to gouge out his neighbour's eye, and is very likely to have a humanising influence on some of his less cultivated brethren, besides.

The excitement when the prizes were declared to be awarded in the following rotation

Lofthouse . . . . .	First
Guisboro' . . . . .	Second
Farndale . . . . .	Third
Bilsdale . . . . .	Fourth
Aislaby . . . . .	Last

was sufficient to show that the cudgels and the wrestling ring had not altogether been exchanged for the harp; and the cheers and groans were sufficiently loud and antagonistic to warrant the presence of the police officers, who had come from every village within twenty miles. The final musical assault of the day was the triumphal return of the five bands, in the order of their adjudged excellence, to the devoted and expectant Golden Lion, where all the dirty glasses and mugs of the morning had been washed for the afternoon, and where fresh barrels of ale were set under groaning machines to satisfy alike the demands of the victor and the vanquished. The noise that these enraged and delighted musicians made, as they marched into the village, all playing at once, and all playing different tunes, amidst the barking of dogs, the shouting of children, the cheering of friends, and the groaning of enemies, can only be compared to Bartholomew Fair in its palmiest days, when every showman was beating his gong, and declaring that he alone was the possessor of the original spotted boy.

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